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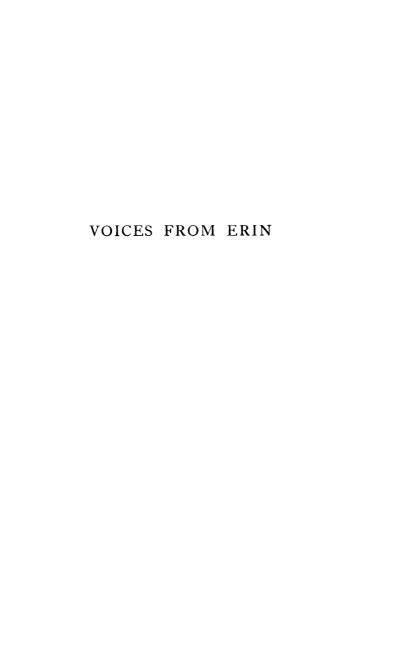
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- There are always voices calling to the exile over-seas,

 Cries from Erin's mother-heart are on the wings of
 every wind,
- And they fill the mind with pictures, and the heart with memories
 - Of the days of love and youth that, long ago, he left behind.
- There are always voices calling—and the clamorous demands
 - Of the present, its ambitions and its triumphs and its fears'
- Can not lessen for an instant, tho' he strays in distant
 - All the sweetness to the exile of the dreams of other years!

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

DENIS A. McCARTHY

Author of "A Round of Rimes"

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

Work without thought of fortune or of glory,
Fly to the moon in fancy if you wish,
Write not a word that comes not from your heart,
And still be modest. Tell yourself, "My child,
Content yourself with fruits and flowers — nay, leaves —
If you have gathered them in your own garden."

Rostand

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By Denis A. McCarthy

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DEDICATED

TO ALL WHO IN THEIR LOVE FOR THE NEW LAND HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE OLD



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"A thousand times welcome. . . . It was an honor duly appreciated to publish poetry like — Ballinderry,' for instance."



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The Day of the Gael

ONCE more we gather in the sacred name
Of that far country where our race arose,
Once more we come to feed the sacred flame
Of Irish love in every heart that glows;
Once more we meet within whose veins there flows
The blood of those who made her ancient glory,
To celebrate the day the wide world knows—
The one bright day in all old Ireland's story.

This day is dear to us. This day our race
Renews its youth the whole broad earth around;
This day our love o'erleaps all sundering space,
And homeward hies beyond all hindering bound;
This day, where'er an Irishman is found,
(And whither can you go and fail to find him?)
His faithful spirit haunts the holy ground,
The consecrated sod long left behind him.

And even those whose eyes have never seen
The shine and shadow on their fathers' hills,
Have ne'er been gladdened by the living green
Reflected in a thousand Irish rills,
To-day their hearts a tender feeling fills,
Upon their ears to-day a voice is falling,
A voice that touches them, a voice that thrills—
The voice of Erin to her children calling.

The "sea-divided Gaels" are one to-day —
From North to South, from farthest East to West,
The spreading oceans can not stop nor stay
The spark that speeds from Irish breast to breast;
We're brothers all at motherland's behest,
Heart cleaves to heart with tenderest devotion,
And dark dissension passes like a jest
In all the glow of this dear day's emotion!

The winds of fate have blown us far and wide,
Of cruel laws we 've known the bitter ban,
But all in vain oppression's hand has tried
To bend us to a proud imperial plan.
We are no remnant of a conquered clan —
Eight hundred years of tyranny and terror
Defiant leave us as when first began
Their long, long reign of ignorance and error!

We 've known defeat, we 've known the anguish keen
Of those who see their country's glory fled, —
The famine days — the living spectres lean —
The little children hungering for bread.
And yet the Irish nation is not dead!
In spite of sword and suffering and sorrow,
When all seems lost, again she lifts her head,
And turns expectant toward some bright tomorrow!

On England's realm the day is never done,
She well may boast her far-flung battle-line,
Her morning drum-beat following the sun,
She rules alike the palm-tree and the pine.
But, Erin dear, a wider sway is thine!
A truer state of empire thou maintainest!
Thy right to homage is a right divine,
Because, dear land, by love alone thou reignest!

The empire won by steel and held by force
Must some time fail, must some time fall to nought,
The onward moving years' resistless course
Full many a dynasty to dust has brought.
Belshazzar's kingdom cunningly was wrought,
And yet there came a day of dire disaster,
There came a message that with meaning fraught
Foretold the triumph of another master!

Thus power has passed, and thus will pass again.
God lives and reigns whate'er the fool may say.
God is not mocked. He keeps His tryst with men,
He bides His time until the appointed day.
And then He moves. And then He sweeps away
The fabrics fondly made to last forever,
And then a ruin where the lizards play
Is all that marks the place of proud endeavor!

This, this is Erin's comfort in her grief
And this her consolation in her care:
She holds unshaken still her old belief
That God's high judgments are not false but fair;
When other peoples perish in despair,
Or bend the knee before unholy altars,
Whatever cross poor Ireland's shoulders bear,
Her Christian courage never faints nor falters!

And so this day's a day of faith and hope!

Whate'er misfortunes through the year may fall,
To-day in darkness we refuse to grope,
To-day our fingers fling aside the pall,
To-day we answer to the clarion call
Of those at home—true-hearted sons that love her,
To-day we pledge our fealty to all
Who strive to place her own free flag above her!

Eve of All Souls

- COMETH again the feast of those who have journeyed before us,
 - Those who have passed beyond, and left us behind heavy-hearted,
- Over the world arise the prayers of the living in chorus,
 - Asking the mercy of God on the souls of the faithful departed.
- Cometh again the day of those who have loved us, and cherished,
 - Those on whose strength we have leaned, whose spirit has helped and befriended,
- Those in whose love we have lived as the plant by the sunlight is nourished,
 - Those who have cheered us and smiled till the grief that assailed us was ended.
- Cometh again the time in these opening hours of November,
 - Time when the bonds of the spirit are closelier drawn in devotion,

- Time when the heart of the Church is especially moved to remember,
 - Time when her orisons rise with a noise like the moan of the ocean.
- Never before I knew the meaning and depth of the morrow,
 - Never before its truth had power my mind to awaken,
- Never before 'till now when sore is my heart with the sorrow,
 - Sore with the sorrow that came when the friend of my bosom was taken.
- Cometh the feast of the dead. O friend, whose departure bereft me!
 - I have no fear you are gone on a voyage alone and uncharted.
- Great is my grief, yet I know you are safe, since the moment you left me,
 - Safe in the keeping of God in the port of the faithful departed!

The Wind from Slieve-na-mon

- THE gentle wind from Slieve-na-mon, how softly would it sing
- Across the verdant valleys at the opening of the spring!
- How tenderly 't would whisper of the summer coming on,
- The sighing wind, the singing wind that came from Slieve-na-mon!
- The gracious wind from Slieve-na-mon, how kindly would it croon
- Across the silent meadows in the summer-stricken noon,
- What respite and relief it brought to every weary one,
- The kindly, cooling, blessed wind that blew from Slieve-na-mon!

- The wailing wind from Slieve-na-mon, I seem to hear it still
- As long ago I heard it from that fairy-haunted hill,
- As long ago I heard it when the harvest moon was wan,
- And I feared the banshee's wailing in the wind from Slieve-na-mon!
- The roaring wind from Slieve-na-mon, how wildly would it blow,
- When winter cast upon its wings the burden of the snow!
- It shook the house with fury and it shook our hearts anon,
- The wild and wintry wind that came from stormy Slieve-na-mon!
- The magic wind from Slieve-na-mon sometimes it was a blast
- Of faint enchanted bugles blown from Ireland's glorious past,
- How many a dream it brought of days when Ireland's banner shone,
- And Irish cheers were mingled with the wind from Slieve-na-mon!

The lonesome wind from Slieve-na-mon — Ah, weary heart of mine,

It blows across a grave to-day as sacred as a shrine, It blows across my mother's grave wherein when life is gone

God grant that I may rest beneath the wind from Slieve-na-mon!

'T is Spring Again

'T IS Spring again and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain,
The sign of approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain,
The robin rests in his flight and shakes
A clinging drop from his shining wing,
And over the woodland silence breaks
The first sweet song of the spring!

'T is spring again and the grasses hark
To the magic message the winds convey,
The flowers push through the damp and the dark
To star the meadows of May;
The rivers long in the winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance
Through blossoms and buds of spring.

'T is spring again and the vagrant heart
Of the poet pent in the city's walls
Is flying far from the crowd apart
Where the voice of the young year calls.

For tired is he of struggle and strife,
Of thoughts that trouble, of cares that cling,
And dreams of a sweeter, simpler life
Awake at the touch of the spring!

My Own Dear Land

MY own dear land, there's no other like you, none!

Or east or west no other land so fair beneath the sun; However beautiful they be, however high they stand, They can not rival Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, there is music in your name, There 's magic in the memory of your olden, golden fame,

There's glory in the story of the gleaming battlebrand

Of those who died for Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, it is years since I have seen
The mist upon your mountains and the sunny vales
between,

'T is years since I have watched the day die out along the strand,

The shining shore of Rosaleen, my own dear land!

¹ One of the old, poetic names for Ireland was, as is well known, Roisin Dubh or Dark Rosaleen.

My own dear land, I have dreamed of you for years, I 've wept for you with longing and I 've longed for you with tears,

But miles of billows racing on across the sounding sand

Have kept me far from Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, I am wishful to be gone,

To see again the sunlight on the slope of Slieve-namon,

To meet again the people of the friendly heart and hand

Who live and love with Rosaleen, my own dear land!

The Green o' the Spring

SURE, afther all the winther,
An' afther all the snow,
'T is fine to see the sunshine,
'T is fine to feel its glow;
'T is fine to see the buds break
On boughs that bare have been—
But best of all to Irish eyes
'T is grand to see the green!

Sure, afther all the winther,
An' afther all the snow,
'T is fine to hear the brooks sing
As on their way they go;
'T is fine to hear at mornin'
The voice of robineen,
But best of all to Irish eyes
'T is grand to see the green!

Sure, here in grim New England
The spring is always slow,
An' every bit o' green grass
Is kilt wid frost and snow;

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Ah, many a heart is weary

The winther days, I ween
But oh, the joy when springtime comes
An' brings the blessed green!

St. Patrick's Day Memories

HERE in the strangers' city
The winds blow bitter and keen,
But over the sea in Ireland now
I know that the fields are green;
I know that the fields are green, and the snow
From the hills has melted away,
And the blackbird sings, an' the shamrock springs,
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

I know that the bells are ringing
From many a belfry quaint,
In many a chapel the sagart tells
The glory of Ireland's saint;
From many a cabin lowly and poor,
From many a mansion gay,
The strains arise to the list'ning skies
Of sweet "St. Patrick's Day."

I know that the boys are gathered
Outside on the village green,
Where many a feat of stalwart strength
Enlivens the sun-lit scene;

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And who would be blaming an Irish youth For letting his glances stray

To the *cailins* dressed in their Sunday best
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

Here in the strangers' city
Are fortune and fame galore,
The poor man's son may win if he will
A measure of golden store;
But ever when springtime comes again
I wish I were far away
Where the Suir 1 flows and the shamrock grows,
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

¹ Pronounced Shure.

If Love Only Wait

A H me, but the day is so long!
And the toil is so hard, and the brain
So weary of weighing the right and the wrong,
So tired of the stress and the strain!
What dream of delight can endure
The noise and the dust of the street? —
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
The toil and the trouble are sweet!

The heart would be roaming afar,

These sunshiny days, to the green
Delights of the grove where the singing birds are,
And the flash of the river is seen;
But here are a desk and a chair,
And a task for a poet unmeet —
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
The toil and the trouble are sweet!

The Song of the Bugle

THE bugle sang in the night, and rang,
It startled the sleepers all.
"Come forth," it said, "from berth and bed,
The foemen storm the wall!
Come forth! Come forth! For out of the north
They pour like a river of men—
Up slug! Up sot! Or else God wot,
Ye never may wake again!"

The bugle sang in the night, and rang;
The cresset flared in the gloom;
What hurrying then of half-clad men,
Of lordling, yeoman, groom!
What furious clang as the war-bell rang,
And the warrior weapons clashed,
As forth to the fight in the dead of the night
The soldiers of Ireland dashed!

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,
It startled the silent street —
"Come, burghers brave, from your beds, and save
Your town from the foeman's feet!

See knight and squire with spirits afire,
They rush to the leaguered walls —
Nay, hold not back, when your foes attack,
And the honor of Ireland calls!"

The bugle sang as the weapons rang,
As the enemy charged and slew,
Through storm and stress of the battle's press
Its song rose steady and true.
New strength it lent to hearts forespent,
New hope when hope was gone —
Oh, ever the brave command it gave,
"Fight on! Fight on!"

In dust and blood the garrison stood,

The fight was over and past,

With many a blow they had chased the foe
From their ancient walls at last.

The day-dawn glowed in the east, and showed
Like a banner of vict'ry red —

But the bugle rang no more, nor sang,
For the trumpeter lad lay dead!

At Night

OFTEN at night my little daughter stirs
And cries, perhaps at some rude dream of ill,
But when she feels her father's hand on hers
She sinks again to slumber sweet and still.

Often at night I, too, from dreaming start,
Shaken by fears, alas, that are not dreams,
But when Thou lay'st Thy hand upon my heart,
O Christ, the Comforter, how sweet it seems!

My Native River

HEN I am sick of Fortune's quest
And tired of life's endeavor,
I hope I may return and rest
Beside my native river —
Beside that softly-flowing stream
Whereon the sunbeams quiver,
Where breezes play, the livelong day,
Beside my native river.

The city of the stranger here,
Oh, I can love it never,
For sweeter still and far more dear
I hold my native river.
My sweetest dreams are still of home,
And nothing can dissever
My heart from those, remembrance knows
Beside my native river!

I know a spot where willows grow,
And leaves of aspen shiver,
Where, in the days of long ago,
I sat beside the river;
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A pledge of love was giv'n me there — Ah, God be with the giver Who lies to-day, far, far away By that beloved river!

I should be happy here, they say,
With friends that love me ever,
But older friends are far away
Beside my native river;
The strangers' land is rich and fair,
But may my soul deliver
Her latest sigh to God on high
Beside my native river!

To Mary, Mother of Sorrows

MARY, O Mother of Sorrows! Whenever I turn to thee,

I think of another mother of sorrows across the sea, I think of another, sitting far over the distant main, Her bosom burdened with sorrow and pierced with the sword of pain!

Mary, O Mother of Grief! When I gaze on thy pictured face,

Rises another picture that nothing can ever erase, Ireland troubled and tried, her spirit tormented and

torn —

Surely, ye twain are alike in the sorrows that each has borne!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Beautiful still in thy woe,

Ever they merge — thy face and the other face that I know.

They are so like each other, ah, well I can understand The cause of the love they give thee, the sons of that dear old land!

- Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Thy sorrow with joy was crowned —
- Surely a solace will also for Ireland's sorrow be found. Surely her faith and her love and her patience through all the past
- Will win her the crown of joy from the hands of thy Son at last!

The Day when the Green Flag Flies

AFTER the dreary winter weather,
After the cold and the silence, too,
Spring and St. Patrick's Day together
Come with a message of hope anew.
Green grass growing in sheltered places
Shows its color to weary eyes —
How can we wonder that all the races
Welcome the day when the green flag flies?

Wheresoever their sires have sailed from,
Wheresoe'er they have bowed and knelt,
Wheresoever themselves have hailed from,
All are one with the kindly Kelt;
All are one on this day delightful,
Under the clear blue springtime skies,
Irish all by a claim that's rightful,
Hailing the day when the green flag flies!

Herald of hope and of joys that follow, Ireland's day in the springtime comes — Seems it not that the summer swallow Answers the call of the Irish drums?

Seems it not that the seeds awaking
Up through the snowdrifts struggle to rise,
Hearing the noise that the fifes are making —
Patrick's Day when the green flag flies!

After your dreary winter 's ended, —
Olden land o'er the waters blue! —
Shall we not hope for a springtime splendid,
Hope for a springtime, even for you?
Heart and hand shall we cease to strengthen?
Valor and virtue, cease to prize? —
Ah, my land, how the sad years lengthen,
Waiting that day when the green flag flies!

To Mary, Our Mediatrix

THY Son, O Mary, is the Sun in Heaven— Can human eyes withstand His radiance bright?

But thou, O Mary, as the moon art given
To cheer our souls with thy reflected light!

Thy Son, O Mary, is the Prince of Splendor — How shall we dare to stand before His face? But thou, O Mary, art His Mother tender: Gain thou for us His mercy and His grace!

Thy Son, O Mary, slain for our transgression — How can we ask for aught who used Him thus? But thou, whose sinlessness exceeds expression, — Take thou our prayers, and offer them for us!

In Carrick Town

ON Christmas Day in Carrick town
Ere yet the dawn illumes the East,
Before the altar bending down
Behold the people and the priest;
What though the way be long and cold,
And snow lie deep upon the sod,
They gather as their sires of old
On Christmas morn to worship God.
Ah, thus it is on Christmas Day
In Carrick town so far away!

In Carrick town on Christmas Day
(Ah me, the simple faith of them!)
They build a lowly hut, and lay
Therein the Babe of Bethlehem;
And all day long from lane and street
Come rich and poor and old and young
To see the Crib, and hear the sweet
"Venite Adoremus" sung.
Yea, so it is on Christmas Day.
In Carrick town so far away!

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On Christmas Day in Carrick town
The holly gleams above the shelf—
The bean a'tighe 1 has on a gown
In which she hardly knows herself;
No costly viands there are spread,
No blushing wine its glow imparts,
But humble fare with love instead,
And kindly words and friendly hearts!
Ah, thus it is on Christmas Day
In Carrick town so far away!

In Carrick town on Christmas Day —
Ah, would that I were there again,
Though many a friend has passed away,
And boys that once I knew are men;
Though I have slipped from many a mind,
And some have e'en forgot my name,
I think perhaps that I should find
Some heart among them still the same! —
Some boy with whom I used to play
In Carrick town on Christmas Day!

¹ Woman of the house. Pronounced Vanathee approximately.

Prayers and Flowers

THE flowers that in youth I brought
To deck thy shrine, O Virgin dear!
Are turned to dust, are fall'n to nought,
Are fragrance fled, this many a year.

Not so do youthful prayers depart, —
The sweet "Hail Marys" murmured low,
Retain their influence o'er my heart
To-day as twenty years ago.

Christmas in Ireland Long Ago

A T Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
The blazing log upon the hearth gave out a
cheery glow,

And lit the kindly faces that I used to love and know, At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
The holly on the dresser crowned the dishes in a row,
The Christmas candle beaming threw its light across
the snow,

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago, Without the wind might bluster and without the wind might blow,

Within was peace among us and the kind word to and fro,

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago, I mind the merry music of the fiddle and the bow,

I mind the song we used to sing, together, soft and low,

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago, I mind a hand that led me through the darkness and the snow,

To see Our Saviour lying in a manger rude and low, At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

Ah, Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago! — Your memories are dearer still the older that I grow, And harder 't is to keep them back — the tears so fain to flow

For Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

The Niobe of Nations

OH, thou land of graves and grieving!
Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!
Beautiful beyond believing
Is the sunshine of thy skies!
Exquisite beyond expression,
Jewel-like thy vales are set,
Oh, thou land of pride and passion!
Land of sadness and regret!

Never land had such adorning
As the verdure of thy hills,
Never did the light of morning
Shine upon such laughing rills.
Nature gave thee in the making
Every gift she could bestow,
Yet thy heart is always breaking,
Oh, thou weary land of woe!

Gazing on thy sun-lit valleys, Strange it is to deem that thou Still must drain the bitter chalice, Wear the thorns upon thy brow!

That, with bruised feet and bleeding, Still thy fate it is to be On the painful pathway leading To a constant Calvary!

Oft in bygone boyhood musing
Have I lain beside thy streams,
Glorious hopes for thee suffusing
All the spirit of my dreams,
Till I almost heard the rattle
Of avenging spear and shield,
And the dust of freedom's battle
Blotted out the smiling field.

Splendid dreams like this have often
Stirred and cheered thy sons of song,
But they can not soothe or soften
Wounds that fester century-long.
They may flash across our sorrow
Like a momentary gleam —
Sterner souls thy sons must borrow:
They must do as well as dream!

Soldier-spirits hast thou given
Nations all the wide world o'er,
Men whose valor might have driven
Kings and tyrants from thy shore.

Foreign fields have known the daring Of their cheering, charging line, But their swords, oh, mother Erin, Flash for every cause but thine!

Oh, thou land so blest by beauty!
Oh, thou land so curst by care!
Here we pledge our love and duty,
We the shamrock badge who wear:
Though no banners high above thee,
Flaunt thy glory to the skies,
In thy lowliness we love thee,
Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!

Day and Night

A LL day I seek the mean reward
That falls to earthly strife;
All day the thought of Thee, O Lord,
Is crowded out of deed and word,
Is crowded out of life.

But when I shake my spirit free
From earthly chains at night,
The vaulted dusk is filled with Thee,
And every star becomes to me
A holy altar-light!

The Shamrock

- PATRICK, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of God,
- Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet from the sod.
- "Here is a symbol," he said, "and a sign of the faith I preach!
- Here is a symbol," he said, "and a sign of the truth I teach!
- "God is not many but One. One God, One only, is He,
- God is not many but One, though the Persons in God are three,
- E'en as the shamrock I pluck for you "— holding it forth to them —
- "Still is but one, although triple its leaves upon stalk and stem."
- Flashed o'er the minds of the people the truth that was erewhile dim,
- Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet of him,

- Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under the pagan rod,
- Giving their hearts and their souls and their wills to the One True God!
- Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people, and made
- Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade.
- Centuries-old is the story yet Irish women and men
- Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever since then!

Maytime in Ireland

WHEN first the springtime, blown from southern spaces,

With timorous step invades the city street,
And brightens e'en the gray, prosaic places
Where toilers hurry and where traders meet,
Ah, then I weary of my sad sojourning,
My years and years of wandering far away,
And homeward like a bird my heart 's returning
To be in Ireland in the month of May!

All times and seasons in the land of Erin
Are blest with beauty's gift of grace I ween,
Each month that passes well may claim a share in
The bloom and brightness of that island green.
But which one brings to meadow, mount and mire-

The many charms of Maytime's rich array? — Ah, well I know of all the months in Ireland There's none so bright or beautiful as May!

For then the hawthorn whitens all the hedges,
And sweetens all the vagrant winds that blow,
And then you hear along the forest edges
The murmur of the myriad streams that flow,
And then you seem to catch from ruins haunted
The magic melodies the fairies play,
Ah, then you dwell within a land enchanted
Who dwell in Ireland in the month of May!

Full many a time in this the strangers' city,

I 've marked the yearly coming of the spring,
And from the depths of some profound self-pity

The tears have flowed at memory's poignant sting,
And o'er my heart has rolled a tide of sadness

For boyhood hopes and boyhood's distant day,
Rememb'ring all the glory and the gladness

Of youth and Ireland in the month of May!

Old Cork Beside the Lee

STATELY cities rise in splendor O'er the land wherein I dwell. And they waken feelings tender In the hearts that love them well — San Francisco's golden gateway, Stately Boston, rich New York — But I vow I'd leave them straightway For a glimpse of dear old Cork! Yes, their glories I'd abandon, Once again the soil to stand on, From which rise the walls of Shandon. Far across the spreading sea, Once again to see the city Where the boys are brave and witty, And the girls are sweet and pretty, In old Cork beside the Lee!

Stately cities rise in splendor
O'er the world from pole to pole,
But I never will surrender
That old city of my soul;
She is neither Rome nor Venice,
Neither Boston nor New York,

But where'er my tongue or pen is
I will hymn the praise of Cork!
Yes, wherever I may wander,
Still my heart will ever ponder
On that old town over yonder,
Far across the spreading sea,
On that famous Irish city,
Where the boys are brave and witty,
And the girls are sweet and pretty,
In old Cork beside the Lee!

Should again our land in splendor From her lowly state arise, Flinging forth — may God defend her! — Her green banner to the skies, Many exiles would be thronging Back from Boston and New York. Just to satisfy their longing For a glimpse of dear old Cork! Ah, there would be no delaying Those whose hearts for years were praying On the Mardyke to go straying As in days of youth and glee, In the charming Irish city, Where the boys are brave and witty, And the girls are sweet and pretty, In old Cork beside the Lee!

A Moonlit Night

THE night is sanctified with holy seeming, All nature joins to worship the Divine, Like newly-lighted altar-candles gleaming The stars begin to shine;

Like incense is the perfume of the valleys,
The winds like voices sing along the coast,
While high above the ocean's brimming chalice
The moon hangs like a Host.

Robert Emmet

(On Sept. 20, 1803, Robert Emmet was executed.)

Ah me, how fast a hundred years may run!—
A tragic deed in Thomas street was done,
A deed whose memory hath not passed away;
For there begirt by troopers in array,
Upon a ghastly scaffold in the sun,
Young Emmet, Ireland's best-beloved one,
Went forth, the forfeit of his life to pay.

Dead, aye, he 's dead. A century of years

Have strewn their blossoms on his grave since then,

Have made the grasses green above his head.

And yet, not dead! Let us put by our fears!

Young Robert Emmet can not die, while men

Have hearts to feel, or women tears to shed!

The Dream of You

REAMS I have had of glory and of splendor,
Rising triumphant over all my fears;
Dreams I have had pathetically tender,
Filling my eyes, I know not why, with tears.
One with the poets all from ages olden,
Visions have haunted me my whole life through,
Yet, among all the dreams my heart has holden,
Sweetest and best I hold the dream of you.

Dreams of delight, of splendor and of glory,
Over my soul may still assert their sway,
Dreams too divinely sweet for song or story
Still be my happiness from day to day.
Yet though I lived until the land eternal
Broke like a dream upon my wond'ring view,
Never again I 'd know the joy supernal
Now I possess in this sweet dream of you.

Oh, Why Are the Bugles Playing?

OH, why are the bugles playing?
And the drums — why do they beat?
And why are the pennants swaying
High over the crowded street?
What pageant is it appearing
Like verdant ribbon unrolled?
And why are the people cheering
A banner of green and gold?

The drums so loudly beating,
The bugles that gayly blow,
The banners that wave a greeting
High over the crowd below;
The stalwart ranks parading,
The cheers that deafen the skies
For a flag of green unfading
That over the column flies—

All these are the Gael's expression Of love for a land afar, All these are his soul's confession Of the sweetest dreams that are;

The livelong year he holds it
Deep-hid in his heart away,
But wide to the world unfolds it
In honor of Patrick's Day!

This day wherever he wanders,
Whatever his name or place,
With faithful spirit he ponders
The home of his ancient race;
In new lands over the ocean
To-day he remembers the old
And follows with deep devotion
A banner of green and gold!

Ireland in the Spring

OH, far away in Ireland now
The soft spring breezes blow,
From dewy-spangled bough to bough
The birds fly to and fro.
With chirp and trill the air they fill, —
Ah me, how sweet they sing! —
The world is glad and music-mad
In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland there
Are laughing streams that flow
Through verdant valleys where the fair,
Sweet-scented hawthorns grow:
And every breeze that stirs in these
Is sure a shower to fling
Of blossoms white as snow at night —
In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland rise
The distant mountain peaks,
And many a raptured eye descries
The Galtees and the Reeks:

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What varied hues of misty blues
On slope and summit cling,
What shine and shade in glen and glade
In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland, I
Am fain to be to-day,
Beneath the tender Irish sky
Where once I used to stray.
The livelong year I'm happy here
Until the robins sing;
Ah, then I sigh, for wings to fly
To Ireland in the spring!

Father O'Growney 1

BY the wash of the far Pacific,
Alone in his grave he lies,
Afar from the gleam of his native stream
And the smile of his native skies;
The turf of his tomb may blaze and bloom
With the splendid flowers of the West,
But 't is all unmeet for his last retreat —
He should lie in old Erin's breast!

Oh, his was the tenderest spirit
That ever from Ireland sprung!
Can we think unmoved of the way he proved
His love for the Gaelic tongue?
Can we think unstirred of the deed and word
Of the delicate form and frail,
Who strove to save from Oblivion's grave
The language of Innisfail?

¹ Since this poem was written the remains of the illustrious priest who did so much for the Gaelic movement have been transferred to Irish earth.

Ah, no — he is unforgotten,
His worth shall never depart,
The sound of his name awakes to flame
The love of the Irish heart.
But lonely there, though the place be fair,
In that grave in the West he seems —
He would love the best to be laid at rest
In the old Green Isle of his dreams!

From his tomb by the far Pacific
Let us tenderly bear him back,
O'er leagues of land from the foreign strand,
O'er the perilous ocean's track;
Let us bring him o'er from a distant shore
To the place where his people dwell,
Let us lay him deep for his last long sleep
In the land that he loved so well!

Robin with the Rosy Breast

ROBIN with the rosy breast —
I can hear you when the morn
Gilds the sky from east to west
With the gold of day new-born;
I can hear your liquid note,
Like a fountain falling fair —
Robin with the ruby throat,
And the manner debonair!

Robin with the rosy breast —
When you came this way last year,
Came to mate and came to nest,
One who loved you well was here;
All things sweet the world possessed
In his kindly heart had room,
You he loved among the rest,
Robin like a rose in bloom!

Robin with the breast of flame — Golden-sweet your song may be, But 't will never be the same,
Nevermore the same to me;

Sunlight falls on wood and wave,
Summer reigns from east to west —
But you're singing o'er his grave,
Robin with the rosy breast!

The Hills o' Carrickbeg

- THE hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, I'm dreamin' of 'em yet,
- An' many a time with tears for 'em, me poor ould cheeks are wet,
- Me poor ould cheeks are wet, a gradh, me heart is sick an' sore
- With longing for the Irish hills I'll ne'er be seein' more.
- The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, 't is I that know 'em well,
- 'T is often I could see 'em and I walkin' to Clonmel, I walkin' to Clonmel, a gradh, from Carrick down below,
- The sight of 'em would cheer me every step I had to go.
- The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, are green as green could be,
- No hills in all America are half so green to me, No hills in all America me longin' e'er could cure
- To see the hills o' Carrickbeg that rise beyond the Suir!

- I love the hills o' Carrickbeg, I love each blade o' grass,
- O'er which I used to ramble on a Sunday afther Mass,
- Ah, Sunday afther Mass, a gradh, young heart an' lively leg,
- I roamed with friends an' neighbors o'er the hills o' Carrickbeg!
- 'T is often as a boy, when I remembered Ireland's wrong,
- Or when the heart within me thrilled at some old Irish song,
- In fancy I could hear the noise o' battle rise an' swell,
- An' see the foemen flyin' from the hills I loved so well!
- The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, I never more shall see,
- Until I die they'll only be a memory to me —
- Ah, many the place in dreams I trace from Coolnamuck to Cregg,
- But first and best of all the rest, the hills o' Carrickbeg!

In the Fields o' Ballinderry

 $B^{
m ALLINDERRY,\ Ballinderry,\ in\ the\ opening\ of\ the\ spring\ --}$

Sure, 't was there myself was merry, sure 't was there myself could sing,

Sure, 't was there my heart was happy (for the world I did n't know)

In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the summer time came on —

How we blessed the cooling breezes from the slopes o' Slieve-na-mon!

How the singing river wooed us to its waters far below —

In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the corn-crake had called,

When the reaper's work was ended and the harvest home was hauled,

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- On the last load riding gayly laughed the children in a row!
- In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!
- Ballinderry, Ballinderry, in the winter cold and white
- Glowed the hearths o' Ballinderry in the darkness of the night —
- Sure, the beggar-man from Kerry and the rambler from Mayo
- Found a friend in Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!
- Ballinderry, Ballinderry, what a change there is to-day,
- Though the place is there as ever, ah, the faces—where are they?
- Gone the merry-hearted maidens, gone the boys I used to know
- In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

O Little Lamp

O LITTLE lamp that glows before the shrine
Of Christ the Lord, here in the chapel dim,
I would the tireless constancy were mine
Wherewith your radiance serves and honors Him!

O little lamp! your steadfast worship shames My hours of deep discouragement and doubt, When fitfully with love my heart up-flames, And then in dark forgetfulness goes out.

Songs at Christmas

I. — THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

WHEN Jesus Christ, a little child,
In Bethlehem was born,
There shone a star across the wild
More glorious than the morn.
It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed
Above the lonely hill —
Ah, blessed star of Bethlehem,
It lights the nations still!

II. — THE VISION OF MARY

Lo, the Infant holy
In the manger lies,
See, the shepherds lowly,
Gaze with rev'rent eyes.

Mark the Mother Mary — Say, ah, can she see
Him, her God, her baby,
Nailed upon the tree?

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III. — St. Joseph's Vigil

Silently, with claspèd hands,
By the manger Joseph stands,
O'er the Infant in the straw
Watching with a holy awe.
Guardian of the Mother mild,
Guardian of the holy Child;
Artisan to whom is given
Knowledge of the things of Heaven;
Lowly one who knows and sees
God's eternal mysteries!

IV. — WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

When Christ, a little Babe, was born In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, When Christ, a little Babe, was born, Oh, years and years ago! With voices sweet, the angels came To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem, And sang the Infant Jesus' name, Oh, years and years ago! With hasty steps the shepherds went To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem!

And low before their Saviour bent,
Oh, years and years ago!
Ah, would I had been there to see,
In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
The Babe upon His Mother's knee,
Oh, years and years ago!
And would I had been there to hold,
In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
My cloak between Him and the cold
Oh, years and years ago!

The Road to Bethlehem

"There was no room for them in the inn."

A LONG this road one evening long ago
Two weary travellers came to Bethlehem,
And sought for shelter at the inns; but, lo!
In all the inns there was no room for them.

From door to door went Joseph, grave and kind — From door to door he went in Bethlehem;
No place to shelter Mary could he find,
Beneath no roof-tree there was room for them.

And so, with one mysterious Star o'erhead, They came unto a hillside bleak and wild, And there among the kine, beneath a shed, The Holy Mother bore the Holy Child.

O foolish folk, what blindness held your sight?
O heedless folk of olden Bethlehem!
Could ye but know who sought a place that night,
I ween ye had found room enough for them!

O Christian men, O Christian maids and wives! How can ye blame the folk of Bethlehem, If God's Elect are strangers in your lives, If in your hearts you have no room for them!

Under the Rose

W. H., September 25, 1902.

UNDER the rose he lay last night,
Under the lily and rose.
Red was the rose and the lily was white,
Gleamed over all the tapers' light,
But he, who loved the scent and the sight
Of every flower that grows,
Lay still and cold in the silent night
Wrapped in serene repose,
Still and cold he lay in the night —
Under the rose!

Like to the lily his soul was pure,
But his heart — his heart was a rose!
Little he cared for the worldly lure,
His hope was set in a Hope secure,
In faith and hope was his footstep sure,
In the sight of the God Who knows;
With us, will his name and fame endure,
While the heart of a lover glows,
As lover and friend will his name endure,
For his heart was a rose!

Under the rose, O let him lie,

Under the lily and rose! —
A grave out under the open sky,
In the boyhood home where he longed to lie
Where winds of the west will softly sigh,
And flowers of the west unclose;
Far from the clamor and far from the cry
Of the world, its ways, and its woes;
Peace to his soul, and let him lie
Under the rose!

The Irish on Parade

THE sun is shining brightly,
The wind is brisk and keen,
The flaunting colors lightly
Are tossing o'er the scene;
With bugles gayly blowing
And flag of green displayed —
The street is filled with marching men,
The Irish on parade!

They come with chargers prancing,
With lilting fife and drum,
They come with sabres glancing;
With dancing plumes they come;
They wear the verdant vesture
That covers hill and glade,
The color of undying hope—
The Irish on parade!

Between the cheering masses, Their bay'nets all a-shine, The Irish regiment passes, Ten hundred men in line,

The flags that float above them
Are battle-rent and frayed,
The "Sunburst" with the "Stars and Stripes"—
The Irish on parade!

As breaks a gleam of glory
O'er sullen skies and dun,
A bright though transitory
Reminder of the sun,
So breaks across the dreary
Routine of toil and trade
The life and light and music of
The Irish on parade!

But has this gathering yearly
No meaning save to be
A passing pageant merely
For curious eyes to see?
Are Ireland's wrongs forgotten?
Are Ireland's sons dismayed?
And do they mean no more than this —
The Irish on parade!

Ah, no, — by all the glories
Of Ireland's ancient fame,
By all the tragic stories
That cluster 'round her name,

It is no idle seeming
That finds them thus arrayed,
They'll do and dare for Ireland yet,
The Irish on parade!

The Roses from the Garden

THE roses from the garden fling
Their fragrance on the air—
They mind me of the way you bring
Your sweetness everywhere!

Within the heart of each they fold A drop of radiant dew, As in my heart of heart I hold The tender thought of you!

On That Day

WHEN thy chiefs all danger daring
Forth to battle went for thee,
When they raised their standards, swearing
They would die or set thee free,
When for thee, their heart's desire-land,
They went forward to the fray,
Ah, 't was good to be in Ireland
On that day!

When thy sons their feuds foregoing
Once again united stand,
Side by side like brothers showing
How they prize their native land;
When the love for thee, their sireland,
Burns all lesser love away —
Ah, my soul, to be in Ireland
On that day!

The Way of the World

THIS world is a weary old workshop at best,
And the work must go on,
Day in and day out, without respite or rest,
Still the work must go on;
However the smile of the morn may invite
The soul to a day and a dream of delight,
We must turn from the lure, we must face to the right,

For the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the hammers must swing,

And a task to be done confronts peasant and king;

And the dreamer must stifle the song he would sing,

For the work must go on.

The heart may be heavy, the hand may be worn, But the work must go on; The spirit within may be tortured and torn, But the work must go on.

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Though morning may plunge us the deeper in dole, Though evening bring nothing to soothe or console, We are yoked to a force that we may not control, And the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the wheels must go round

And the hammers must swing and the anvils must sound,

And new words must be spoken, new thoughts must be found,

For the work must go on.

A worker outwearied falls down at the loom,
But the work must go on;
The toiler that falls for another makes room,
And the work must go on;
Another steps into the place and the pay
To forward the task howsoever he may,
And the worker who dies is forgot in a day,
But the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the dullest must learn

That the life of a man is of minor concern, 'T is our fate to fall out one by one in our turn, But the work must go on.

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In Bygone Days — And Now

In bygone days your gallant sons
Were not content to sigh for you,
They faced the gallows and the guns
Full fearlessly to die for you;
They did their best as they knew how,
Nor feared their lives to give for you—
We have a duty here and now,
Dear land, and that's to live for you!
To live for you,
To live for you,
Our every thought to give for you,
Not ours to die—
But ours to try,
Dear native land, to live for you.

In bygone days your sons of toil

Were not content with words for you,

They seized their ploughshares from the soil

And beat them into swords for you.

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This duty plain before them set,

Their heart's best blood to give for you.

Their names will never fade — and yet

Our duty is to live for you.

To live for you,
To live for you,
Our word and work to give for you,
Not ours to die —
But ours to try,
Dear native land, to live for you.

In bygone days your sons would scorn
The men that meant no deed for you,
The boasters (would they were unborn!)
Of burning zeal to bleed for you.
These braggart warriors of the tongue
With empty words to give for you—
They find no foremost place among
The men resolved to live for you!
To live for you,
To live for you,

Resolved their best to give for you,
'T is men sincere
Can lead us here,
Dear native land, to live for you!

The Fellow who Fights Alone

THE fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near,
'T is he has need of a stalwart hand
And a heart not given to moan,
He struggles for life and more than life—
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone
His sorrowful hours to guile,
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day,
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long—
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is,
With every help at hand,
With friends at need to bid God-speed,
With spirits that understand,

But fiercer far is the fight to one
Who struggles along unknown —
Ah, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength,
Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear
The fame of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know
The fellow who fights alone!

The Victor's Wreath

A FTER long years of wearisome endeavor, Trouble and toil that seemed to last forever, That for whose sole attainment he had striven Early and late, into his hand was given.

Only a crown of laurel leaves entwisted — Yet he had thought if any joy existed, Surely it would be his whose constant passion Won for his brows that laurel crown's possession.

Well, it was his away from all to bear it,
Fated he was to win it and to wear it,
Bright was the day that on his forehead bound it —
Ah, but a cruel crown of thorns he found it!

In Fair Bohemia it is Always Spring

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,
Forever there the buds of hope unfold,
Forever there the birds of promise sing
Their clearest canticles in wood and wold;
Forever there the sunset's gorgeous gold
Foretells the bliss the coming dawns will bring,
The sweet surprises that the morrows hold—
In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

Let others enter in the furious race
For fading honors, fame and golden store,
But they who dwell in that enchanted place
Know not the curse of much demanding more;
A land it is of natures frank and true,
A land of friendly hands that clasp and cling,
A land of visions old yet ever new—
In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,
'T is always time to sow, and hope, and dream,
The swallow there is ever on the wing,
And early flowers bloom by every stream.

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No thought is there of coming blight or cold, No cruel sun to scorch or wind to sting, No fear of fading or of growing old — In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

When the World was Youthful Yet

SAID my heart to me in youth: "Let us go and leave behind

All the tyranny that trammels us in body and in mind;

Here in Ireland there is nothing to be ventured for or done,

But across the broad Atlantic there are fortunes to be won."

So the prompting I obeyed and an exile I became,

I have found but little fortune, I have found but little fame,

And the dreams I dreamed in boyhood they are far from coming true,

Yet they say I should be happy in the work I have to do —

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!

Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!

Ah, but the thought of those days in Ballinderry

When the heart within was merry, and the world was youthful yet!

- Said my heart to me in youth: "Let us rise and fly afar,
- There is nothing to be hoped for in the country where we are;
- Ev'ry day the opportunities of life are growing less, And the poor are barred forever from the pathway to success."
- So the prompting I obeyed, and like others of my race,
- In the new land I have struggled for a name and for a place;
- And perhaps I have achieved them and perhaps I have n't yet,
- But a man can't always harp upon remembrance and regret —

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!
Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!
Ah, but the dreams of those days in Ballinderry
When the heart within was merry, and the world
was youthful yet!

Said my heart to me in youth: "There are fair lands far away

Where an honest man may labor on in peace from day to day,

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- Fairer even than the valleys that we see from Slievena-mon,
- And they wait for hands to claim them; let us hasten and begone!"
- So the prompting I obeyed and an exile I became,
- And if fortune has n't blessed me I have but myself to blame,
- For the friends within the new land are as true as those of old
- And I've found within the new land something dearer far than gold —

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!
Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!
Ah, but the thought of those days in Ballinderry
When the heart within was merry, and the world
was youthful yet!

The Memory of May

- THERE are memories that linger howsoever men may change,
- Howsoever Fortune lures us into places new and strange;
- Howsoever on our hearts the hand of sorrow may be laid,
- There are bright and blessed pictures of the past that never fade.
- Many a happy dream of boyhood in remembrance still remains,
- Many a picture of the past my saddened spirit still retains,
- But the sweetest, best reminder of the days I used to know
- Is the memory of May-time in old Ireland long ago!
- Ah, the memory of May-time! Ah, the skies so sweetly blue!
- Ah, the scented apple-blossoms in the orchard, wet with dew!

- Ah, the race upon the river and the hunt upon the hill!
- Ah, the vagrant-hearted laddie vainly striving to be still!
- Ah, the call so clear, so luring of the cuckoo in the glen!
- Ah, to follow him, the herald of the summer-time, again!
- Ah, to leave the years behind us with the burdens that we know,
- For our youth and all its sweetness in the May-time long ago!
- Let the city's trade and traffic roll before me as it will,
- I can see the hawthorn shake its snow-white blossoms on the rill!
- Let the city's noise and bustle roar around me as it may,
- I can hear a linnet singing in a woodland far away!
- Let the city's smoke enshroud me, I can pierce its deepest gloom,
- I can see a mountain purpled with the heather all in bloom,

- I can see the children hieing to a place where flowers grow —
- Ah, those flowers for Mary's altar in the May-time long ago!

A Song of Duty

SORROW comes and sorrow goes,
Life is flecked with shine and shower,
Now the tear of grieving flows,
Now we smile in happy hour;
Death awaits us every one,
Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer,
Let us, then, ere life be done,
Make the world a little brighter.

Burdens that our neighbors bear,
Easier let us try to make them,
Chains, perhaps, our neighbors wear,
Let us do our best to break them;
From the straitened hand and mind
Let us loose the binding fetter,
Let us, as the Lord designed,
Make the world a little better.

Selfish brooding sears the soul,
Fills the mind with clouds of sorrow,
Darkens all the shining goal
Of the sun-illumined morrow.

Wherefore should our lives be spent
Daily growing blind and blinder —
Let us, as the Master meant,
Make the world a little kinder!

Love's Content

HAT do I care if day by day
Down pours the rain from sullen skies;
No cloud can hide from me away
The sunshine of your eyes;
And while I find my sunshine there
What do I care?

O, let the skies be gray or blue,
O, let the seasons rain or shine,
So long as I am dear to you,
So long as you are mine,
If days be foul or days be fair,
What do I care?

A Winsome Wife and Baby

HOWEVER dark the day be,
However filled with woe,
A winsome wife and baby,
With love can make it glow.
However grim and gray be
The sullen skies above,
A winsome wife and baby
Can light them with their love!

However sad we may be,
However cares annoy,
A winsome wife and baby
Our grief can change to joy.
However long the way be
O'er which we have to roam,
A winsome wife and baby
Can make a heav'n of home!

When Falls the Curtain

WHEN falls the curtain, he who plays the clown And he the king are on a common level, The villain with the virtuous one sits down, The angel smiles on him who played the devil. The peasant fraternizes with the peer, And village maids, and courtly dames and queens Mingle together without fear or sneer — They 're only players all, behind the scenes!

When falls the curtain on the play of Life—
This play designed to entertain the gods—
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife
(Though now we think so) will not make much odds.

Who plays on earth the king will be as mean
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers —
Peasant and peer and country girl and queen,
Behind the scenes, will all be only players!

The Real Presence

THE candles on the altar flame.

They gleam through aisles and arches dim —
O human heart, for shame, for shame,
That will not glow for Him!

The clouds of incense upward pour,
The Host is hid within the haze,—
O human heart, that will not soar
To Him in prayer and praise!

The bell sends forth its silvery peal,
Its ling'ring echoes softly ring,
O human heart, can you not feel
The presence of the King?

Can you not feel in every part
His heavenly benediction poured?
For shame, for shame, O human heart!
This, this is Christ the Lord!

The Shining Suir

O^N the mighty Mississippi I have gazed in silent wonder,

I have seen the broad Missouri's tawny tide,

I have heard Niag'ra's torrent fall in tumult and in thunder,

I have seen the lordly Hudson rolling wide;

I have marked the Mersey flowing, I have seen the Thames out-going

Where the thronging life of busy England teems —
But my heart will never sever
From my own belovèd river —
Ah, the shining Suir is ever
In my dreams!

Years and years ago I left behind the olden, Golden Valley

Where the shining Suir in beauty flows along,

Where it winds and winds and wanders round the fair green isles of sally,

Where it croons and croons the magic of a song.

And since then in valleys tender and in scenes of rugged splendor,

I have gazed my fill on fair enchanting streams —
But my heart will never sever
From my own belovèd river —
And the shining Suir is ever
In my dreams!

Very dear unto my heart is every stream that curves and quivers,

Wheresoe'er on God's green earth its waters run, There is something sweet and soothing in the flowing of the rivers,

And my love is wide enough for every one.

I delight to sit and ponder where the rippling wavelets wander,

'Neath the sunlight or the moon's enchanted beams—
But my heart will never sever
From my own belovèd river—
Ah, the shining Suir is ever
In my dreams!

The Dearest Thing in Erin

THE dearest thing in Erin, the dearest thing to me —

It is n't field or streamlet, it is n't vale or lea, It is n't lake of beauty or river running free, But a green grave in Erin is the dearest thing to me!

Ah, there are fields in Erin wherein I 'd like to roam, And hills whereon I 'd like to stand and breathe the air of home,

And woods wherein I'd like to lie beneath some hoary tree—

But a green grave in Erin is the dearest thing to me!

Ah, dear is every foot of the blessed Irish earth,

But dearest is the place *she* lies — the one who gave me birth,

Who died before my heart had learned how lonely life could be —

Ah, her green grave in Erin is the dearest thing to me!

To One who "Never Doubted Clouds would Break"

I CARE not, I care not what sorrows may grieve me,

I care not, I care not how Fate may bereave me, If thou wilt but love me, if thou wilt not leave me, I care not who else may desert and deceive me!

I care not, I care not what lot may betide me, If safe in thy heart I may harbor and hide me, If all through the years I may find thee beside me, I care not who else may despise and deride me!

Carrick Castle¹

 \mathbf{I} STOOD in Carrick Castle — it is many a century old,

Its halls are dim and dusty now, its hearths are dead and cold;

And ruinous the courtyard lies and roofless is the keep,

And tower and wall are covered all with ivy dark and deep.

And as I gazed on all that now recalls its olden pride,
A swallow thro' the casement flew and flitted far
and wide,

¹ The Castle of Carrick-on-Suir (pronounced *Shure*), county Tipperary, Ireland, is said to be one of the finest specimens of feudal architecture in that country. Originally erected in the fourteenth century, it was considerably extended by Black Thomas Butler, tenth earl of Ormond, in the sixteenth. In the banqueting hall are medallions in fresco of Black Thomas and Queen Elizabeth.

Among the many interesting things in connection with this castle is the popular tradition that Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII, was born here.

- And looking forth I saw the Suir in curving beauty flow,
- As Walter's 1 eye beheld it run six hundred years ago.
- I stood in Carrick Castle, and I thought on days gone by,
- When first its foreign walls arose beneath the Irish sky;
- When knights and dames and courtly clerks within its chambers dwelt,
- From out its pointed windows peered, or in its chapel knelt;
- When round the board, while chimneys roared, the men-at-arms would sit
- And list to some old tale of war, of witchery or wit;

¹ The founder of the Butler family in Ireland was Theobald Walter (Gualtier), an Anglo-Norman of high rank who received extensive grants of land from Henry II, together with the hereditary office of "pincerna," or butler to the kings of England. In this capacity he and his successors were to attend those monarchs at their coronations and present them with the first cup of wine. In return they obtained many privileges. The Ormonds (the Butlers were created earls of Ormond, or upper Munster, in the fourteenth century) figure largely in the history of Ireland for several hundred years. Through the varying fortunes of the old land (change of rulers, and other vicissitudes), they always managed to be on the winning side, and they thus preserved their titles and estates. A great part of these estates has now passed into the hands of the farmers through the operation of the land purchase act.

- Or when in bower at even hour the castle beauties hung
- Entranced upon the magic of a roaming rhymer's tongue.
- I stood in Carrick Castle and on other days I mused.
- I thought on princely privilege and princely power abused;
- For many a belted Butler here, as conquering knight and lord,
- Against the clans of Munster kept, for England, watch and ward.
- And many a time for many a year these rooms now 'reft of life
- Resounded with the startling clang of furious border strife,
- And round these walls full often surged, again and yet again,
- The vengeful war-wave of the Gael, the raid of landless men!
- I stood in Carrick Castle while the sun was on the stream,
- And Ireland's bitter story passed before me like a dream —

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- And all her sufferings, all the wrongs by feudal forces wrought,
- And oh, the long-enduring fight her faithful people fought!
- And thus I cried as forth I gazed where now for many a mile,
- The homes of happy husbandmen look up to heaven and smile:
- "Oh, ruined keep! I may not weep your darkness and decay,
- Your hour is fled, your power is dead the people rule, to-day!"

The Grass-Grown Graves

(May 30.)

 B^{LOW} the bugle softly, boy, blow the bugle slowly,

Let its note faintly float where the banner waves. Let it sound o'er the ground like a blessing holy, Breathing o'er the grass-grown graves!

Blow the bugle gayly, boy, blow the bugle loudly, Let it rise to the skies where the banner waves. Let it thrill heart and will gallantly and proudly, Singing o'er the grass-grown graves!

Blow the bugle proudly, boy, though our tears are falling,

Though we weep those that sleep where the banner waves,

Well we know that they go whither Fame is calling Far beyond the grass-grown graves!

Another Blessed Christmas Day

NOW let the holly bough be sought, To deck our hearths and homes with green, And let the stately tree be brought To lord it o'er the festal scene; And let our merriest mood avail To chase our grown-up griefs away, The while with happy hymns we hail Another blessed Christmas Day!

Oh, let the little ones behold The bending branches blaze with light; (God grant to them till they be old The mem'ry of this sacred night.) Let some one speak of Christ the King Who lowly in the manger lay, And let the children's voices sing A song to welcome Christmas Day!

Oh, happy time! Oh, time of mirth! Oh, time when God-forgetting men May hear the angels' "Peace on earth" Fall softly on their ears again,

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When haughty hearts, to faith restored, Desert the world's delusive way, And find their Saviour and their Lord Within the crib on Christmas Day.

So let us seek the holly bough
Our hearths and homes to deck with green,
And let the sombre fir-tree now
Transfigured in the midst be seen;
And let our merriest mood prevail
Against the griefs that make us gray,
The while our carols blithely hail
Another blessed Christmas Day.

The Graduate

 $\mathbf{T}^{ ext{HE}}$ street was his school, and the corner his college —

What wonder he picked up a great deal of knowledge?

The faces of women and men were his books—
What wonder he trusted so little to looks?
Each person he met was, unknowing, his teacher—
The pugilist taught him as much as the preacher;
This outcast in rags and that other in satin,
Each gave him a lesson more lasting than Latin!

The street was his school — ay, its lessons were burned

Deep into his sensitive soul, for he learned Some things that the wisest of books do not tell, Some secrets that erewhile were whispered in hell!

In halls academic a boy may omit His lessons some day when he's not feeling fit; There are periods of rest, there are days of vacation, For e'en the most zealous require recreation.

Not so with this college — 't is always in session, With teachers absorbed in their occult profession, And course so alluring that those who've begun it Have little desire to abridge it or shun it.

The street was his school; and through sound and through sight

It poured in its lessons by day and by night. Its method could scarce be described as elective, But then, what of that? It was highly effective. It took him an infant, an innocent baby, Whose mother had holy desires for him, maybe, And, class after class, led him onward, until, A beast that is trained but to capture and kill, Through lesser achievements he passed till he stood Accused at the last of the shedding of blood. And then came his college, as proud as could be, And gave him, *cum laude*, its final degree!

The street was his school, and the corner his college—And shall we blame him for applying the knowledge So fully and freely provided him there
To land him at last in the murderer's chair?
Are we, who have never attended, as he,
The street of the school and the corner, are we

So free from reproach for his life gone amiss, The light of his innocence darkened like this? Are we in no way in his failure involved? Are we from all blame for his downfall absolved?

Ah, never believe it! We all are to blame; On all rests a share of his shadow of shame; For, lost in pursuit of our gains and our joys, We've wandered away from the girls and the boys. And though we spend millions of dollars in schools And muddle our minds over methods and rules, There's something essential o'erlooked or forgotten, Some arch in the structure we're building is rotten. Else, why should we find it so hard to compete With those who are running the school of the street? And why should we stand in so helpless a way, Beholding it capture our best, day by day, And draw them away from the things we revere, Until, in the end, like this graduate here, They come to that seat which our science invented For crimes which our schools should, perhaps, have prevented?

The street was his school, and the corner his college—What wonder he picked up a great deal of knowledge? What wonder he found it so easy to pass From grade into grade and from class into class,

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Till we find him, his college days ended, as now, With his final degree like a brand on his brow? He sinned. He must suffer society's wrath. But what of the others who follow his path? Shall nothing be done for the boys who to-morrow A leaf from the life of this outlaw may borrow?

This, this is the question our minds should revolve; This, this is the problem our sages should solve. Evaded to-day — lest its trouble annoy us — To-morrow 't will face, and affright, and destroy us!

Lincoln

'T IS not in kaisers or in kings
The hope of man we seek,
Their glittering sceptres, crowns, and rings
Are baubles for the weak;
But we whose feet are firmly set
On freedom's broad highway,
We seek man's hope far deeper yet
Than kingly pomp or sway,
We seek it in the people's sweat
And in their blood to-day!

We seek man's hope — nor seek in vain —
Where dreamers work and wait,
Where boys in poverty and pain
Are growing to be great.
Where boys like Lincoln, poor and plain,
But strong of hand and heart,
Grow upward through the sun and rain
To play a hero-part,
To cleanse their country from the stain
Of manhood in the mart!

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Oh, let the kaisers and the kings
At rule and sceptre play,
Our hope is not in crowns and rings
And baubles such as they.
But wheresoever hearts aspire
To break a Christless ban,
The name of Lincoln will inspire
To higher hope and plan,
Will stir the generous soul's desire
To live and die for man!

In the Nuns' Garden

In the nuns' garden lean the lilies slender, In the nuns' garden crimson roses blow, And many flowers, old-fashioned, fair, and tender, Along the paths in rich profusion grow.

But sweeter than the roses and the lilies
That fill with beauty all the gay parterres,
The virgin flowers whose joyous duty still is
To waft to God the perfume of their prayers!

In the nuns' garden, weary of his vagrance,
Often the wanderer comes his woes to plead,
For in that place of purity and fragrance
Are gentle hearts responsive to his need.

There mercy dwells amid the crimson roses; There no one knocks upon the gate in vain; For like the door of Heaven it never closes On human sorrow or on human pain.

In the nuns' garden lean the lilies slender,
And many a flower adorns the gay parterres,
But sweeter far the souls so pure and tender
Who waft to God the perfume of their prayers!

John Boyle O'Reilly

Poem read at the commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the death of John Boyle O'Reilly.

OH, you who have gathered here, twenty years after

The consummate soul of O'Reilly went forth! — Oh, you who have silenced your song and your laughter

Due tribute to render his name and his worth! — Shall one who was only a boy when he perished,

Who never a share of his friendship might claim, Presume among those whom he honored and cherished

One blossom to add to the wreath of his fame?

Ah, better be mute; for too noble the theme is,

Too rare are the gifts that the dead would require,
And yet so alluring and lovely the dream is,

That even the coldest of hearts it may fire.
For though 't was my fate — and full often I've

That never his face in the world I should see, Each song that he sang in my bosom I kept it, And oh, it gave comfort and courage to me!

wept it —

And oft through the years when my youth, undirected,

Stood facing the choice between virtue and wrong, If wisely I chose and more wisely rejected,

Give praise to the wisdom and grace of his song.

His song bade me rise over every condition

That hampered my spirit and hindered her wing,

And filled all my life with the lofty ambition

Some message like his to my brothers to bring.

And so for the debt I forever shall owe him, —

The strength that he gave me when weary and
faint —

I'm fain to the world, as I knew him, to show him — My poet, my master, my hero, my saint!

Oh, greater is he than my boyhood could dream him, And not through poor praisings like mine will he live;

Yet, should there be those who would ask why we deem him

So worthy of honor, this answer I'd give:

Because he was manly, because he was kindly, Because he was helpful in hand and in heart; Because you could follow his leadership blindly, Assured that from honor he'd never depart;

Because he was dowered with that gift of expression

Before which all grosser possessions give way; Because of the power of his songs and their passion, We honor the name of O'Reilly to-day!

Because he was Irish and loved the old nation
That stands undismayed after centuries' fight;
(Truth mingles with jest in his own declaration,
"'T is better be Irish to-night than be right.")
Who grudges to Erin such exile's devotion?
No treason he brought from the land of his birth;
Columbia to him was the gem of the ocean,

Her banner the fairest and dearest on earth.

Because while he bowed to the cross on the steeple,
True justice he rendered regardless of creed;
Because he kept close to the heart of the people,
And grieved with their grieving and felt for their need;

Because he had courage — the courage that faces

The menace of privileged classes at bay,

Because he stood forth for the down-trodden races,

We honor the name of O'Reilly to-day!

- Oh, you who have gathered here, twenty years after O'Reilly the noet by death was removed!
- Oh, you who have silenced your song and your laughter
 - To hazar the commade whose friendship you traved —
- I come, who was only a boy when he perished.

 I come, who no share in his irrendship may claim.
- To tell of the love I have silently cherished.
 - And humbly to add this poor song to his fame!

The Minor Poet

HE may not wake the mighty chords
That rouse to fury and to fire,
He may not voice in wondrous words
The soul's supreme desire.
Yet let him sing; his simple lays
Flow forth so sweetly from his heart
That fortune's lure and glory's blaze
Are nought beside his art!

Oh, not for him the laurel wreath,
And not for him the poet's crown;
But his the fine, free air to breathe,
Untainted of the town!
And his to comfort broken lives
And spirits over-wrought with wrong,
And bring to men and weans and wives
The solace of a song!

The Old Story

- "TO-MORROW," he promised his conscience, "to-morrow I mean to be good;
- To-morrow I 'll think as I ought to; to-morrow I 'll do as I should;
- To-morrow I'll conquer the habits that hold me from heaven away";
- But ever his conscience repeated one word and one only, "TO-DAY."
- To-morrow, to-morrow thus day after day it went on;
- To-morrow, to-morrow till youth like a vision was gone,
- Till age and his passions had written the message of fate on his brow,
- And forth from the shadows came Death with the pitiless syllable, "NOW."

The Call of the Spring

WHEN May the magician has touched with her wand

The mount and the meadow, the stream and the pond,

Has waved the cold winter winds back to the north And called to the grasses and flowers to come forth — Then, love of my life, let us hasten away From the toils and the troubles that darken our day, Let us follow the birds that in ecstasy sing, Half crazed with the gladness and madness of spring!

When May the magician with life-giving breath
Has wakened the world from the slumber of death,
And over the land like a beautiful spell
Has woven her magic, and woven it well—
Then, love of my life, let us forth and forget
All the cares that annoy, all the worries that fret;
Let us leave for a season the sorrows that sting,
And dream by some stream that is bright with the
spring!

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Oh, vainly the walls of the city may try
To shut from our vision the spring-lighted sky!
And vain the endeavor of mill or of mart
To silence the call of the spring in the heart —
Then, love of my life, since 't is Maytime again,
Let us wander away from the sorrows of men,
In the woodlands that blossom and bourgeon and
ring,

Oh, love, let us live in the sweetness of spring!

No Red Flag in America

A MERICA, to all the world
Thou stretchest forth a friendly hand;
Beneath thy glorious flag unfurled
No bars to human progress stand.
The honest mind
In thee can find
No chains to hamper or to bind,
Thou dearest hope of all mankind,
Thou first and freest land!

Then what of those who now would flout
Thy flag that millions died to save
Since first upon the breeze flung out
It stirred the spirits of the brave?
What men are those,
What fools and foes,
Would change the flag the fathers chose,
And in the place where it arose
A blood-red flag would wave?

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No lovers of their kind are they
Who 'd wreck the work the fathers wrought
Blind leaders of the blind are they
Who 'd render vain the fight they fought.
Not love but hate
Inspires the prate
That bodes such evil to the State,
But by the God that rules our fate,
Their plans shall come to nought!

Before no flaming flag of red
Thy spirit, O Columbia, cowers,
No symbol of disorder dread
Shall palsy thy benignant powers!
But over thee,
From sea to sea,
Shall float the banner of the free.
The flag of law and liberty,
That starry flag of ours!

Her Courage

THE little woman that runs the house Is sore afraid of the smallest mouse. She frets all night if she chance to catch The faintest squeak or the slightest scratch. And oft I'm summoned at midnight deep From yawning chasms of soundest sleep And bidden to rise and take the broom, To light the gas and to search the room, And topsy turvy to turn the house — And all because of a tiny mouse!

Some find it laughable Well, I guess, The very limit of foolishness.

And oft I smile at the timid soul
That shakes at sight of a mouse's hole.

And oft in a quite superior way
I say: "How silly to thus give way
To fear because of a mousie small
That makes a noise in the chamber wall!"
But she won't argue about a mouse,
The little woman that runs the house.

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But stay — the thing has another phase:
That little woman with timid ways
Was not so scared when the horrible breath
Of pestilence menaced our babe with death;
When fever's burning blast was rife,
A-thirst to empty the veins of life;
When even the bravest failed at the proof
And safely stood from the fight aloof —
Did she desert? Did her fears prevail?
Did the woman heart in her bosom fail?
Did she wring her hands in a pitiful plight,
Or fainting fall in a helpless fright?

Ah, no! Thank God! That delicate frame Contains a spirit to put to shame The craven souls of the men that fly And leave their brothers in Christ to die. No traitor she! But she kept her place, And grappled the death wolf face to face, Till back from the very gates of doom She dragged the baby to life and bloom! And yet this woman who runs the house Is sore afraid of the smallest mouse!

The Lost Ones of Erin

IN bygone years when a ship left Erin,
From birthland bearing the young and strong,
The wild winds bore on their winds the wailing
Of exiles sailing on journeys long.
Sad, sad were they — and the friends behind them,
And tears would blind them, howe'er so brave;
With broken hearts were the tall ships laden
When youth and maiden then crossed the wave.

But lo, the change: when a ship from Ireland,
The same dear Ireland, to-day departs,
She sails, they say, with a crowd elated,
She is not freighted with breaking hearts.
It is with joy now the youth are leaving,
No hearts are heaving with sob or sigh,
But oh, their mirth has a sadder meaning
Than all the keening of years gone by!

Yea, sadder far, for the land they boast as
The land they toast as their love, their own,
That she should see them with glee departing,
Her shores deserting for lands unknown.

For ne'er again in the olden places
She'll see their faces as once they were,
And so she grieves for them gayly going,
Her heart well knowing they're lost to her!

The Poet's Faith

TO-DAY the world may pass him by With heedless haste, averted eye;

To-day the world may go unstirred By all the witch'ry of his word;

To-day unto himself alone, His art melodious may be known;

But does he murmur? Nay, not he—He muses on the days to be,

Upheld serenely by the faith That though he die, there is no death

For that immortal voice that rings Through e'en the lightest song he sings;

The faith that, though all flesh must fade, The beauty which his soul has made

Will never perish, but live on To win the world when he is gone;

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The faith that when he 's dead this same Old heedless world will breathe his name

With love and reverence, and keep His memory sacred, — ay, and steep

Its very spirit in the lay He sings to deafened ears to-day.

Christmas Legends

CHRISTMAS morn, the legends say, Even the cattle kneel to pray, Even the beasts of wood and field Homage to Christ the Saviour yield.

Horse and cow and woolly sheep Wake themselves from their heavy sleep, Bending heads and knees to Him, Who came to earth in a stable dim.

Far away in the forest dark Creatures timidly wake and hark, Feathered bird and furry beast Turn their eyes to the mystic east.

Loud at the dawning, Chanticleer Sounds his note, the rest of the year; But Christmas Eve the whole night long, Honoring Christ he sings his song.

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Christmas morn, the legends say, Even the cattle kneel to pray, Even the wildest beast afar Knows the light of the Saviour's star,

And shall we, for whom He came, Be by the cattle put to shame? Shall we not do so much at least As the patient ox or the forest beast?

Christmas morn, oh, let us sing Honor and praise to Christ the King, Sheltered first in a lowly shed, And cradled there where the cattle fed.

The Flag Defenders

At Bell Rock Park, Malden, Mass., June 17, 1910, a striking bronze group of three youthful figures, one bearing a flag and the others—a soldier and a sailor—crouched in defence of the country's banner, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. The following poem, written for the occasion, was read at the dedication.

FIXED in the deed of their brave endeavor,
Guarding the banner that blows above,
Lo, these generous youths forever
Offer their lives for the land they love!
Shrined as it were on their country's altar
Ever they 'll speak though their lips be dumb,
Bidding us never to fail or falter,
Whatsoever a foe may come!

Here will they speak of the days departed,
Days with trouble and treason curst,
Here will they speak of the dauntless-hearted
Soldier spirits that faced the worst;
Here will they tell of the light that dimly
All but sank in engulfing gloom,
Here will they speak of the men that grimly
Died to baffle the danger's doom!

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Praised be the brooding spirit that brought them
Forth from nothingness into light!
Praised be the dexterous hand that wrought them
Ready and steady in freedom's fight!
Year after year their strength and beauty
Meeting the eye will make men pause,
Stirring the heart with the pulse of duty,
Waking the soul to the country's cause!

Hither, oh, come for your inspiration,
Freedom-lovers through all the years!
Here is a sign of the land's salvation,
Conquering doubts and calming fears!
Every frivolous, shameful fashion,
Worship of wealth or wanton's kiss,
Fades in the flame of the patriot-passion
Kindled and kept by deeds like this!

Fixed in the deed of their brave endeavor,
Here let the banner-defenders stand,
Making the citizen's heart forever
Leap with pride in his chosen land!
Shrined as it were on their country's altar
Here let them stand as the years go by,
Symbol of courage too firm to falter,
Symbol of love too dear to die!

A Bit o' the Brogue

SURE, the very best thing in the world, I should say,

To help a man conquer his cares day by day, And baffle the buffets of Fate — the ould rogue! — Is a bit o' the brogue.

Yes, a bit o' the brogue is a wondherful thing;
It heartens a man at his labor to sing;
It gives a man courage, it gives a man stringth,
An' it makes a man masther his troubles at lingth.
For along with a bit o' the brogue goes the blood
Of a race that can thrace thimselves back to the
Flood.

A race that refused Noah's offer of shelther Whin the bastes all flocked into the ark heltherskelther.

So afraid that their national prestige 't would dim, Faith, they would n't accept any favors from him. They relied on thimselves, and they all kept afloat, For every one o' thim had his own boat! (This story I have from the lips o' Dan Logue, A man very proud of his bit o' the brogue!)

Oh, the man that is blessed with this powerful charm, The divil himself could n't do him much harm; For when he 's thrown down with a terrible jounce, 'T is smiling you 'll see him come up on the bounce. For along with the brogue goes the soul of the Celt —

A soul in which sorrow for ages has dwelt,
And yet where there rises a well-spring of joy
That makes its possessor forever a boy.
Unflinching he takes fortune's kicks or caresses,
But defeat is the last thing on earth he confesses.
Let business or warfare or love be the vogue —
Look out for the lad with a bit o' the brogue!

And that 's why I stop for a moment to say,
That the very best thing in the world day by day,
To baffle the buffets of Fate — the ould rogue! —
Is a bit o' the brogue!



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